

Dean jumped  
out of the plane and started to

f  
a  
l  
l.

He had done this before, he was prepared this time. As he

f  
e  
l  
l

he remembered his first  
jump with his instructor, not quite knowing what to do. But now it was natural. Dean knew how  
to

f  
a  
l  
l,

diving and directing himself with ease. He was a hawk, second to none.  
His dark black hair flew back as he dived gaining more speed. The goggles he was wearing fogged  
with condensation from his perspiration. Freedom Dean thought as he

descended  
down  
down  
down